The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

IRVING BALTELLER

(Coppright, by Irving Bacheller)

CHAPTER XVII-Continued

My heart best fast when I saw the same and my uncle and Purvis coming fixed of hay. Aunt Deel stood on the boat. front steps looking down the road. body came down the standard off his and walked toward me.

"May, stranger, have you seen anything of a feller by the name o' Bart Haynes? he demanded.

'liuve you?" I asked. "No. sir, I sin't. Gosh a'mighty! Say! what have ye done with that boy

of our's ?" "What have you done to our house?"

E asked again. "Built on an addition."

"That's what I've done to your boy."

raised the roof!" he exclaimed as he a bull in a china shop. grabbed my satchet. Dressed like a an' carry the satchel, too."

We ran pell-mell up the lane to the steps like a pair of children.

Aunt Doel did not speak. She just Peabody turned away. Then what a a letter from old Kate, dated, to my silence! Off in the edge of the wood- surprise, in Saratoga. It said: land I heard the fairy fute of a wood-

Peabody shouted in a moment. "If ter now, Have seen Sally She is very and then." you don't like it you can hire 'nother | beautiful and kind. She does not know men. I won't do no more till after that I am the aid witch, I have changed dinner. This slave business is played so. The others do not know-it is

"All eight," Purvis answered.

Tou bet it's all right. I'm fer abolitten an' I've stood your domineerin', my boy. Do you remember when I beofgoer-driver ways long enough fer gan to call you my boy-you were very one mornin'. If you don't like it you little. It is long long ago since I first enn look for another man."

Aunt Deel and I began to laugh at this good-natured, make-believe scold- butterfly's back. You looked just as I fug of Uncle Penbody and the emotional strain was over. They led me me a kiss. What a wonderful gift it into the house, where a delightful sur was to me then! I began to love you. prise awaited me, for the rooms had I have no one else to think of now. I and sweet ferns. A glowing mass of violets, framed in moss, occupied the center of the table. The house was filled with the odors of the forest, I had written that they might expect an had so often exercised themselves on ahead yelping with delight. begged them not to meet me in Can- the far day and the happy circum- had the great joy of carrrying him ator Wright speak. He was to an

I remember how they felt the cloth on wy back and how proudly they surmay at the Couldn't buy them goods 'round

"Nor mothin' like 'em-no, sir." "Feeis a leetle bit like the butternut

Trousers," said Aunt Deel as she felt 'Ayen, but them butternut trousers

am's want they used to be when they was young and timber," Uncle Penbody remarked. "Seems so they was gettin' kind o' wrinkled an' baldheadedtike, 'specially where I set down." "Ayes! Wal I guess a man can't

grow old without his pants growin' old, too ayes!" said Aunt Deel.

"If yer legs are in 'em ev'ry Sunday they ketch it of ye," my uncle answered. "Long sermons are band on long familiar to me. The dog left us mantis, seems to me."

"An' the longer the legs the harder the sermons in them little seats over t the schoolhouse-ayes!" Aunt Deel at the river's edge with a long stretch added by way of justifying his comear in a ten-mile walk-no!"

The chicken pie was baking and the stramberries were ready for the short-

"I've been wallerin' since the dew was off gittin' them berries un' vi'-Lets ayes?" said Aunt Deel, now busy radilly her work at the stove,

"Agait, you look as young as ever," I Sike slapped my arm and said with

mock severity: Shap that! Wy! You know better

Firm vigorously she stirred the fire

"I can't return the compliment-my

"I hope you ain't fit no more, Bart, I can't hear to think o' you flyin' at

ac. It, don't!" Thy, Aunt Deel, what in the world

with Mexico,"

ed to tell the truth.

As we are our dinner they told me again. people with stories of the auction senator. from the twenty-acre lot with a whence he had escaped on a steam- up and down the bank for half an his chair,

"I b'lieve I'm goin' to vote for abo- again. New and then her waving handker- lition," said Uncle Peabody. "I wenwent to her eyes. Uncle Pen- der what Sile Wright will say to that."

"He'll probably advise against it; the time isn't ripe for so great a change," was my answer. "He thinks that the as a bit of driftwood. They come in whole matter should be left to the gla- from both shores-the Whig and the cial action of time's forces," Indeed I had spoken the view of

the sounder men of the North. The subject filled them with dread alarm. But the attitude of Uncle Peabody was significant. The sentiment in favor of a change was growing. It was asked presently, now to be reckoned with, for the abelitten party was said to held the balance of power in New York and New "Thunder an' lightnin'! How you've England and was behaving itself like

After dinner I tried to put on some statesman an' bigger'n a bullmoose, of my old clothes, but found that my I can't 'rastle with you no more. But, nakedness had so expanded that they my, I'll run ye a race. I can beat ye would not cover it, so I hitched my white more on the spring waron and drove to the village for my trunk.

Every week day after that I worked in the fields until the senator arrived put ber arms around me and laid her in Canton about the middle of August, dear old head upon my breast. Uncle | On one of those happy days I received

"Dear Barton Baynes: I thought would let you know that my father is Turvis, yen drive that load on the dead. I have come here to rest and our an' put up the hosses," Uficle have found some work to do. I am betbetter that way. I think it was the Lord that brought me here. He has a way of taking care of some people, saw you in your father's dooryardyou said you were going to mill on a thought my boy would look. You gave decorated with balsom boughs hope you won't mind my thinking so

"God bless you "KATE FULLERTON."

e time before noon, but I in my behalf. I could not remember as I wished to walk home after stance of which she spoke, but I wrote on my back two rulles across the coun- swer Calhoun on a detail of the bank her a letter which must have warmed try to the wagon. The senator wished ing laws. The floor and galleries were to send a guide for the deer, but I in filled. With what emotion Leaw him

Silas Wright arrived in Canton and drove up to our home. He reached lege, our door at eight in the morning with his hound and rifle. He had aged rapthese parts," said Uncle Penbody, idly since I had seen him last. His bair was almost white. There were seemed more grave and dignified. He fathers when he spoke of the ancient postimes of hunting and fishing as he had been went to do.

"Bart," he said when the greetings were over, "let's you and me go and spend a day in the woods. I'll leave my man here to help your uncle while you're gone."

We went by driving south a few miles and tramping in to the foot of the stillwater on our river-a trail soon after we took it and began to range over thick wooded hills. We sat down among small, spirelike spruces of water in sight while the music of "There wouldn't be so much the hound's voice came faintly to our

ears from the distant forest.

"Oh, I've been dreaming of this for a long time," said the senator as he leaned back against a tree and filled his lungs and looked out upon the water, green with lily pads along the edge and flecked with the last of the white blossoms, "I believe you want to leave this lovely country.'

"I am waiting for the call to go," "Well, I'm inclined to think you are the kind of man who ought to go," he answered almost sadly, "You are needed. I have been waiting until we should meet to congratulate you on your behavior at Cobleskiu. I think you have the right spirit-that is the you've changed ayes!" she all-important matter. You will encounter strange company in the game

of politics. Let me tell you a story." can't hear to think o' you flyin' at He told me many stories of his life. like that of approaching footsteps. We censed talking and prescutly a flock censed talking and prescutly a flock should turn up there, just in the nick Pil tell you," said the other. "My of partridges came near us, pacing of time, but Della and Peabody name's Douglas Gordon, and everybody "It's Furvis" brain that does the along over the mat of leaves in a lei-sured st, f 'ghess," said my uncle. Surely fashion. We sat perfectly still. The kinds o' got the habit. It's a reg'. A young cock bird with his beautiful disch o' got the habit. It's a regcetile brain. To hear him talk
haink he an' you could dean out
half Mexican nation—barrin' accitoward us with a comic threat in his
manner. It accords as if he were of

Purvia." I remarked. "If there is no near us and on our side of the stream. Calmighty! as your uncle used to body clee to take the responsibility. He looked to right and left. Then he say when there was neithing else to be for it he assumes it himself. His imag- made a long leap into the water and mid." ination has an intense craving for waded slewly until it covered him. He hlood and violence. It's that type of raised his nose and laid his satters delayed vindication of my beloved American who, egged on by the slave back over his shoulders and swam Uncle Peabody.

The senator ate supper with us and showing above the water. His antiers Purvis came in presently with a were fike a bit of driftwood. If we look in his face which betrayed his had not seen him take the water his knowledge of the fact that all the cob- antiers might easily have passed for webs spun by his fancy were new to a bunch of dead sticks. Seen the buck be brushed away. Still be enjoyed slowly lifted his head and turned his them while they lasted and there was neck and looked at both shores. Then a kind of tacit claim in his manner very deliberately he resumed his place that they were subjects regarding under water and went on. We wajched which no honest man could be expect- him as he took the farther shore below us and made off in the woods

"I couldn't shoot at him, it was such that an escaped slave had come into "I couldn't shoot at him, it was such a neighborting county and excited the a beautiful bit of politics," said the

block and of negroes driven like yoked | Soon the bound reached the core's exen on plantations in South Carolina, edge and swam the river and ranged hour before he found the buck's trail

> "I've seen many a rascal, driven to water by the hounds, go swimming away as slyly as that buck, with their horns in the air, looking as innocent Decocratic-and they are always shot at from one bank or the other,"

> I remember it surprised me a little to hear him say that they came to from both shores.

"Just what do you want to do?" he

"I should like to go down to Washngton with you and help you in any way that I can."

"All right, partner-we'll try it," he newered gravely. "I hope that I don't forget and work you as hard as I work myself. It wouldn't be decent. I have great many letters to write. Fil try thinking out loud while you take them down in sound-hand. Then you can draft them neatly and I'll sign them. You have tact and good manners and can do many of my errands for me and save me from those who have no good reason for taking up my time."

"You will meet the best people and the worst. There's just a chance that it may come to something worth while who knows? You are young yet. It will be good training and you will witness the making of some history now

What elation I felt!

Aguin the voice of the hound, which had been ringing in the distant hills. was coming hearer.

"We must keep watch-another deer is coming," said the senator.

We had only a moment's watch before a fine yearling buck came down guide until the general situation has to the opposite shore and stood look- worked its way into your conscious ing across the river. The senstor raised his rifle and fired. The buck fell in the edge of the water.

"How shall we get him?" my friend asked.

"It will not be difficult." I answered as I began to undress. Nothing was and magnitude have a wonderful of difficult those days.

buck across with a beech withe in his try. I sang of the look of them in my gambrel joints. The bound joined me letters and soon I began to think about I understood now why the strong before I was half across with my bur- them and imperfectly to understand as they knew, were dear to me. will and singular insight of this wom- den and nosed the carcass and swam them. They had their epic, lyric and

sisted that the carrying was my privi- rise and begin his argument as all ears

many new lines in his face. He can go into the woods without a guide -and I have used many in the effort did not inpse into the dislect of his his back. I want to be able to testify masterful case and charm of his manthat I am at least partly qualified."

> about fetching the deer across a deep and simplicity of his words as they river without a boat, did he?" Mr. fell from his lips. There were the Wright asked me with a see.

> Leaves of the beeches, maples and basswoods—yellowed by frost-hung equaled; the agile-minded Clay, whose like tiny lanterns, glowing with noonday light, above the dim forest aiste which we traveled.

The sun was down when we got to the clearing.

"What a day it has been!" said Mr. Wright when we were scated in the incisive, conversational sentences of

"One of the best in my life," I answered with a joy in my heart the like hearers. That was what people were of which I have rarely known in these many years that have come to me.

We rode on in silence with the calls of the swamp robin and the herrett thrush ringing in our ears as the night "It's a good time to think, and there

friend. "You will turn into the future and I into the past." "I've been thinking about your uncle," he said by and by. "He is one of the greatest men I have ever known.

we take different roads," sold my

You knew of that foolish gossip about him-didn't you?" "Yes," I answered.

"Well, now, he's gone about his bustness the same as ever and showed by his life that it couldn't be true. Not a word out of him! But Dave Ramsey fell sick-down on the flat last winter. By and by his children were crying for bread and the poormaster was going to take charge of them. Well, who Baynes. They fed those children all winter and kept them in clothes so that they could go to school. The strange thing about it is this: It was Dave Ramsey who really started that story. He got up is church the other night and confound his crime. His

pou pull the trees up by the roots to git at 'cm."

But we sat as still as stumps and no He said that he man not seen Poshed spared us and went on with the others. Baynes on that roots the day the The baying of the hound was nearer movey was lost but had only heard now. Suddenly we saw a big buck that he was there. He knew now that is necessary to the comfort of Mr. come down to the shore of the core.

It touched me to the soul-this long-

sent his bired man out for his horse and buggy. When he had put on his overcoat and was about to go be turned to my uncle and said:

"l'eabedy Baynes, if I have had any success in the world it is because I have had the exalted honor and consciousness that I represented men like

He left us and we sat down by the glowing candles, Soon I told them what Ramsey had done. There was a moment of silence. Uncle Penhody rose and went to the water pail for a drink. "Bart, I believe I'll plant corn on

that ten-arce lot next spring-daraed if I don't," he said as he returned to None of us ever spoke of the matter again, to my knowledge,

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the Summit.

My mental assets would give me a poor rating, I prosume, in the commerce of modern scholarship when I went to Washington that autuma with Senator and Mrs. Wright. Still it was no smattering that I had, but rather a test broad areas of knowledge which note firmly in my possession. My heat asset was not mental but spiritual, if I may be allowed to say it, in all medesty, for, therein I claim no special adunitage, saving possibly, an unusual strength of character in my sunt and uncle. Those days the candles were lighting the best trails of knowledge all over the land. Never has the generni spirit of this republic been so high and admirable as then and a little inter. It was to speak, presently, in the immortal voices of Whittier, Emerson, Whitman, Greeley and Lincoln. The dim glow of the candles had entered their senis and out of them came s light that filled the land and was seen of all men.

The ratiroads on which we traveled from Utics, the great cities through which we passed, were a wonder and an inspiration to me. I was awed by the grandeur of Washington Itself. took lodgings with the senator and his

"Now, Bart," said he, when we had arrived. "I'm going to turn you loose ere for a little while before I put har ers on you. Go shout for a week or so and get the lay of the land and the feel of it. Mrs. Wright will be your

It seemed to me that there was not room enough in my consciousness for the great public buildings and the pic tures and the statues and the vast me chinery of the government. Beauty fact when they spring fresh upon the I swam the river and towed the vision of a youth out of the back coun

dramatic stages in my consciousness We dressed the deer and then I One afternoon we went to hear Senbent to hear him! He street not at "Well, I guess your big thighs and popular sentiments in highly finished broad shoulders can stand it," said he. rhetoric, as did Webster, to be quoted "My uncle has always said that no in the school books and repeated or man could be called a bunter until he every platform. But no words of mine and kill a deer and bring it out on -are able to convey a notion of the per on the floor of the senate or of the "Your uncle didn't say anything singular modesty, courtesy, aptness thunderous Webster, the grandeur of v.bose sentences no American has voice was like a silver clarion; the farseeing, flery Calhoun, of "the swift sword"-most formidable in debatebut I was soon to learn that neither nor all of these men-gifted of heaven so highly-could cope with the suave. Wright, going straight to the heart of the subject and laying it bare to his saying as we left the senate chamber. late in the evening; that, indeed, was what they were always saying after they had heard him answer an ad-(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Victim of Popular Song

experience he had over the song. "Douglas Gordon." He was introduced one evening to a gentleman whose name he did not catch. "I have no desire to meet you, Mr. Keille," said the stranger. Kellie naturally looked a little astonished, but said nothing. "In fact," the other went on, "I hate the very sound of your name. For months past my mother has been worried by the receipt of telegrams and letters of condolence on my behalf, and the thing is beginning to get mowhat's that got to do with me?" "Well, name's Douglas Gordon, and everybo imagines that your confounded so refers to me." And with that he turne on his beel and went

Much Burr: Little Hency, "Many a man dat's us busy as on," said Uncle Rhen, "most up all



The kind of satisfaction that doors i exceten people and keep them "making good" to something else of way is not the right kind.

Making pressions is one thing, but ngnin.

A lot of good liars got their training

"No one can do better than his best,

